A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL NEWS,

VOL. II. NO. 26.

PAINESVILLE LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

PROLOGUE:

'Twas Christmas eve. Two patrons passing by Had chanced to stop, to kindly greeting give, And speak of passing news. From open grate
The firelight gleamed, and quaint, fantastic forms

Ot shadow threw on all around; without The snow lay crisp and clear, and through the night Gave out, beneath the tread of passer by An echoing creak that told of bitter cold. An echoing creak that told of bitter cold.
And so, perhaps an hour, we sat and talked
Of varying thoughts, until, from old to new,
They chanced to speak that with another week
Came New Year's day, when Custom had decreed
That one must write a Carrier's Address;
And then 'lwas said, perhaps with much of truth,
That 'twould be well it change were made—in this:
To substitute some tale of wild experience
For that which all would say had run its rounds
Year efter year, 'till they were wearied with it Year after year, 'till they were wearied with it. The old was well enough, perhaps, although Ever with little sense and less of rhyme At best; but now its day was passed, And if a nobler air could be essayed. The new-born year might be the better By that one thought at least.

The fire had fallen low, and as I watched A single spark for a moment shore—
And died. The shadows deep came on apace,
Grew with the gloom and darkened.
From out the night
Came forms and faces, known and read, that seemed As real. But from the rest one came at last And formed itself in words; perhaps too sad For New Year's song—but when was moral taught In lightsome strain?

Heard in years now long agone, but which, Thinking of what my friends had said, best seemed A fitting tale with which to greet the infant year.

· PATNESVILLE, OHIO, DEC. 28, 1873. The Story of 'Lorn Light.

THE Story of 'Lorn Light, that lends its lamp
To warn all vessels from the Reef of Doom,
Where lion surges ceaseless roar and ramp,
And many a gallant heart has found a tomb.
West of the point whereon the lighthouse stands,
A viliage nestles on the valley's side,
Through which a brooklet tumbles to the sands,
To lose itself in the unrestful tide;
A little village, full of fisher-folk,
That boasts a tiny pier, of stone rough-hewn,
Whereon the wild waves beat themselves to smoke
When keen North-Easters pipe their stormy tune. Whereon the wild waves beat themselves to smoke
When keen North-Easters pipe their stormy tune.
Here, summer visitors—like swallows—came
And gleamed along the sands. But when the year,
Forewarned of death, touched all the woods with flams
For funeral pyre, then would they disappear:
Wherefore they knew not what the winters brought
To that small village by the water's edge;
How with the cliffs the furious ocean fought,
Broke on their breast and leapt from ledge to ledge.
Nor knew they what it was to wait and yearn
For those whose boats might never more come home—
So wondered why the fishers' wives should turn
Eyes dim with awe to that long line of foam—
That long, white, angry bar across the tide, That long, white, angry bar across the tide, Seen in the daylight, heard in midnight gloom, Those rocks, throughout the sea-coast wild and wid Known, feared and hated as the Reef of Doom.

In that small village Richard Masters dwelt, In that small village Richard Masters dwelt,
An honest fisher, owner of a boat;
Yet one who in his immost bosom felt
A longing for some nobler work aloat,
And who, small wonder, as he kauled his net,
And steered "The Little Commodore" to shore,
oft dreamed the vague, ambitious dreams that fret
A noble heart—inactive—to the core.
His mother lived; and but for her, the boy
Had long ago sought sceues of sterner strife;
Content for her his labors to employ,
And gently feed her failing lamp of life.
But Love, the pilot, who delights to steer But Love, the pilot, who delights to steer
Poer human hearts on sandbank or on reefor, for long voyages will sail them clear,
Which bring them back with heavy freights of griefLove took the tiller out of Richard's hand,
In spite of every effort to resist,
And turned the vessel's head away from land,
And let her drift where'er the winds might list!

For as he droutone evening with the stream

And let her drift where'er the winds might list!
For, as he dropt one evening with the stream,
Out past the pier-head to his anchored sloop,
He saw a malden—lovelier than a dream—
O'er violet eyes saw golden lashes droop;
Saw the red sun on silken tresses shine,
On peach-soft cheeks and lips of rosy bloom,
And funcied he beheld some shape divine
That beamed upon him in the gathering gloom.
Ah, sweet! ah, sore! the anguish and the joy
When first the soul's chords thrill to passion's hand!
With heart that almost burst for bliss, the boy
Let fall the oars and drifted from the land.
A summer visitor, that lovely maid,
Who thus had bound poor Richard's heart her thrall—
One of those summer sojourners who paid

A summer visitor, that lovely maid,
Who thus had bound poor Richard's heart her threll—
One of those summer sojourners who paid
Ther fleeting visits to the hamlet small.
He learnt her name; and she was far above
The humble fisher's wildest, fondest dreams,
But all in vain he strove against the love
That filled his brain with visionary schemes.
He never spoke of that deep wound he bore,
But grew so pale and thin and heavy eyed,
That watching him, his mother's heart grew sore
To note how oft he sadly mused and sighed;
For restlessness had seized him and the land
Seemed hateful evermore, by night and day,
And when he was not straying on the strand
He hoisted sail and stood to sea away.
At length he sold the "Little Commodore,"
The boat thatearned their living on the sea,
And gave his mother half the price for store,
And then to seek his fortune off went he.

Time passed. The poor old mother, left alone,
Waited and watched for years; then falling ili,
She died; but on her grave the humble stona
Still watched from the green graveyard on the hill—
Still looked to senward, storied with her name—
Still gathered the salt dews, as if for tears,
So that her son, if e'er he thither came
Might know his mother kept her watch for years.
But he had gone when Columbia's fleet

So that her son, if e'er he thither came
Might know his mother kept her watch for years.
But he had gone when Columbia's fleet
Had need of sailors: When cruel war
Trod grimly ou, nor paused, save but to greet
With joy a nation's wail that echoed near and far.
And Richard gained promotion; for his skill
And steady bearing won him credit great,
So, when there was the vacant post to fill,
Without delay his captain made him mate.
Within his heart two women's memories dwelt,
Through evert watch they paced with him the ship;
And when to heaven in humble prayer he knelt,
Two women's names were last upon his lip;
His mother's name and hers, who used to make
Great deeds seem small—made danger seem unknown Great deeds seem small—made danger seem unknown.
For he had sworn to perish for her sake.
Or win a fame she would not blush to own.
And Richard wrought for many a weary day,

And gained renown, at last, upon the gory deck
of his small cutter when it, the victor, lay
Between two Southern gun-boats—each a wreck!
And all the officers had fallen and he,
The mate, had fought the craft alone,
And foughtso well, the fleet all cherred to see
The cutter with her prizes overgrown.

Back to that little village on the coast. Back to that little village on the coast,

Back to that little village on the coast,
Poor Richard hastened, with a pride sincere,
To tell his story - not for vulgar boast—
But joyous news to glad a mother's ear,
That for his long, long absence would atone!
He sought the well-known cot, but where wasche!
He found an answer on the cold, grey stone
That in the windy graveyard watched the sea.
Then memory of the other loved one came;
His heart grew cold to think, "Was she, too, dead?"
But brain and breast seemed filled with living flame
To learn that she was living—and was wed!
Thus all the light died out of Richard's life,
As dies the light on far horizon-rim,
When leaden clouds, with rain and tempest rife,
Brood c'er the deep, and all the day grows dim! Brood o'er the deep, and all the day grows dim And morn and eye he loitered on the shore. Without a purposed, like a man distraught. Many were living he had known of yore. And yet companionship of none he sought! But when the winter came with howling wind,

And yet companionship of none he sought!
But when the winter came with howling wind,
And land and water met in angry strife,
Then Richard roused himself and seemed to find
In other's perils some new use for life!
Whene'er the minute guns with hollow boom
Proclaimed some hapless vessel, tempest-tost,
Was driving headlong on the Reef of Doom
Where—no aid coming—she must soon be lost;
Richard was foremost of the rescuing grew,
Despite the waves that threatened to o'erwhelm;
Pushed off to sea among the gallant few
And took the post of danger at the helm.

One night—'twas NewYear's Eve—while tempest shrieked
The boat putforth to aid a vessel soon to strike
on Doom's dark Reet—and ocean, vengeance wreaked
Upon the wrecked and reseners alike;
The boat was dashed against the vessel's side
And shattered—stove—sank with her weary crew;
Then, while they battled with the boiling tide,
The ship heeled over—groaned—and broke in two!
They drew poor Richard forth upon the sand,
Worn out with struggling in the yeasty waves,
For he had borne a burden to the strand,
Though now they both seemed fit but for their graves!
But Richard was a man and iron-nerved,
And so, with care, he came to life ere long;
Rut she was dead whom he had fain preserved—
A woman! women are so seldom strong,
and this was one as delicate and fair

And this was dead whom he had fain preserved—
A woman! women are so seldom strong,
And this was one as delicate and fair
As bindweed blooms, that perish at a touch,
With soft bine eyes and silken, golden hair—
Death has no need for violence with such.
But when poor Richard, staggering to his feet,
Crossed to the couch, that pallid face to see,
flis lips grew white—bis faint heart ceased to beat—
His placed was traved to water—if was she! His blood was turned to water—it was she!
She, the beloved! Thus after years they met,
Too late, too late, by chance together thrown—
Richard—the man who never could forget;
And she—the woman who had never known.
He laid her in the little, quiet grave,
Beside his mother, booking o'er the sea,
Within the hearing of the graties wave.

Within the hearing of the restless wave.

Hereine, too, honed his rest at last would be!
And sware an oath that ne'er again.
In calm or storm, by daylight or in gloom,
Should any ship that sailed upon the main,
Meet her destruction on the Reef of Dodm;
Wherefore he built the tower on the cliff,
And lit the lamp, and watched it, day and night,
So that no vessel may be wrecked there if So that no vessel may be wrecked there if The skipper does but steer her by 'Lorn Light.

SECOND PAGE.

THIRD PAGE.

FOURTH PAGE.

The Banks Estate.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

and besides these advantages of cultivation, he was a man of talent, and, without being too venturesome, of enter-

prise. Indeed, in the doctor's early days, it had been hinted that he was

sometimes so carried away by scientific zeal, and by a desire to rival the discov-

eries of his French friends, as to put in danger the lives of his patients by the

experiments which he tried on them. Whether that was true or not, at the time of our story it had become a tale of the past, and the doctor had set-

tled into a quiet and safe practice, keeping up with the march of discov-

ery, but no longer attenuting to lead it

Younger men had come up to win the laurels for which he had striven in vain;

and half in weariness, half in bitterness, he withdrew from the arena.

Doctor Saybroke's marriage had been

worthy of his character and position. Mrs. Saybroke was a haughty, high-

spirited, accomplished woman, who nev-er forgot that her grandfather had been

the interest of his property, even after, by an unfortunate investment, the

greater part of it had been swept away,

leaving him with six unmarried daughters on his hands, and a yearly income of less than two thousand dollars. Three

of the Misses Baxter were engaged at

the time of their father's reverses, and the other three were not long in getting "My sisters never felt the change in

poor papa's fortunes," Mrs. Saybroke would say; "for before we were able or

at the point of perfection. Beautiful, fresh, loving, cheerful, she almost made amends, by going far beyond the family standard, for her brother's falling so far

parents a smile when they had thought that they never could smile again; it was she who stood between them and

their son without incurring the anger of either, but making peace when the patience of the parents was nearly ex-hansted; it was she who tried to per-

tried to coax, and reason, and shame her brother into veryfying the promises she

made for him.

George Saybroke was not entirely without good qualities, and there were times when he would listen to his sister's arguments and half resolve to mend his life. But he was weak salfish and year.

had nothing but poverty eyer since."

CHAPTER I.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Carrier's Address—The Story of 'Lorn Light
The Banhs Estate—Serial—Theodore Aerold
Quick as Thought
The Prayer Gauge
Selected
Melange
Committee

Strangers' Guide Business Directory Local News Among Our Neighbors Markets, Home and Foreign The Ungrateful Daughter Religious News Agricultural Practical Hints

HERE was not in all the Forest City a more respectable family than that of Dr. Saybroke. The doctor was a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman. He had been educated at Bowdoin College, and had finished his professional studies at Paris;

"I might write to him," says Edith.
"Never, child, never!" exclaimed
Mrs. Saybroke, almost angrily. "I forbid it! What could have put such an
insane idea into your mind? I thought you had more self-respect."

Edith dropped her eyes, blushed and was silent a moment, 'You must see the impropriety of this

my dear," the mother went on more gently. "We have never been friends gently. "We have never been friends with Mr. Banks. He was a poor man with Mr. Banks. He was a poor man when I married your father; and not only poor, that could not be helped, but he was not a gentleman. He was rude, and fancied himself independent; he was uneducated, uncultivated, utterly unpolished, and prided himself on it. When my father lost his property, Mr. Banks had the andacity to offer himself to your Aunt Edith, and she refused him disdainfully. From that moment he for years the governor of his native State, and that her father had lived on disdainfully. From that moment he hated our family. Think of his fancying that Edith would accept a husband when she was poor whom she would not marry when she was rich! It was insolent! It was making all our pride and our position depend on wealth; and that was what we thought least of." "But, mamma," Edith said, "he was

they all married rich men. But I have papa's own cousin, and so had some position." chair. To this lady, brought up to every lux-

And the state of the control in the state of the control i

made the mother sterner in her pride with every passing year, and streaked her black locks with silver before the finger of age had touched them; and it was that which had taken the courage out of his father's heart. They had

But they were not without comfort.
Coming and going in the house, like a sunbeam in a shady place, was the sweetest girl that ever breathed. At twenty years of age Edith Saybroke was at the point of perfection. Peantiful snade them that George was only sow-ing his wild oats, and would, after a while, sober down to be all that they could wish; and it was again she who

"Mamma," Edith said one day, as they sat waiting for the doctor to come in to tea, do "you suppose that Mr. Banks give admittance to Mr. George Saytea, do "you suppose that Mr. Banks would do anything towards setting George up in business?"

Well, don't be in a hurry. I'll put think that it must have been written on on All-Fool's day. Besides, Mr. Banks mosphere of cigar smoke. He had spent has chosen his heir."

decidedly, looking at her daughter in surprise. "In the first place, he knows nothing about George, and would not help him if he did; and in the second place, George will never consent to go into business."

Edith had been sitting for some time gilent looking dreamily out the window. But for a heavy, swelled look about the eyes, and an air and expression of intolerable laziness. Edith had been sitting for some time her children, if and expression of intolerable laziness and listlessness, he would have been fortune to which, though they had no real earlier they were the return being they were the part of the had spent has chosen his heir."

A deep red flushed Mrs. Saybroke's pale face at this announcement. In spite of all that she had said, there had been in her heart a faint and unacknowledged hope that at some time her children, if and expression of intolerable laziness and listlessness, he would have been fortune to which, though they had no real elain they were the part of the had spent has chosen his heir."

A deep red flushed Mrs. Saybroke's pale face at this announcement. In spite of all that she had said, there had been in her heart a faint and unacknowledged hope that at some time her children, if and expression of intolerable laziness. silent, looking dreamily out the window, with the soft May sunset in her beantise ful face. Even in speaking, she had not removed her eyes from the rosy west in which her thoughts seemed to be tinting themselyes; but as her mother than the face of the three when he entered be accorded by looking dreamily out the window, rather a handsome young man, with real claim, they were the natural heirs, according to her reckoning. With her "those Roberts people" counted for nothing. Now that her faint expectation seemed likely to be natural heirs, according to her reckoning. With her "those Roberts people" counted for nothing. Now that her faint expectation seemed likely to be natural heirs, and the soft was universally believed that sensory impressions were transmitted to the brain, and that the voluntary impulse returned

west in which her thoughts seemed to be tinting themselyes; but as her most he faces of the three when he entered in the period of the period in an appropriate proposed of the period in the proposed of the proposed of the period in the proposed of the proposed

The blood rushed swiftly into the

made for him.

The plant of the current without good partial plant with a current with a current

what at almost any other time he would have passed by.

"Have you been so driven by business this afternoon, sir," he demanded, "that you had not time to brush your hair before coming to the table?"

The young man immediately assumed a hard expression, looked stolidly down into his plate and said nothing. Mrs. Saybroke looked entreatingly at her husband, and Edith tremblingly watched her brother. There was nothing that those two women dreaded so much as a conflict between George and his father. This time the doctor took no notice of their looks.

Is education, which he has got by his own exertions, and goes into the army because his mother was in need, and the is need, and the promised to take care of the mother. That is a son worth having. He says that he isn't found that, to traverse a nerve 1.6 inches long, the nervous impulses was transmitted along the nervo upon which the operation was performed. This enabled us to determine the absolute rapidity of the transmission. Helmholtz found that, to traverse a nerve 1.6 inches long, the nervous impulse was transmitted along the nervo upon which the operation was performed. This enabled us to determine the absolute rapidity of take care of the mother. That is a son worth having. He says that he isn't found that, to traverse a nerve 1.6 inches long, the nervous impulse was transmitted along the nervo upon which the operation was performed. This enabled us to determine the absolute rapidity of the transmission. Helmholtz found that, to traverse a nerve 1.6 inches long, the nervous impulse was transmitted along the nervo upon which the operation was performed. This enabled us to determine the absolute rapidity of the transmission. Helmholtz found that, to traverse a nerve 1.6 inches long, the nervous impulse was transmitted along the nervo us of the operation was performed. This enabled us to determine the absolute rapidity of the transmission. Helmholtz found that, to traverse a nerve 1.6 inches long, the operation was performed. This enabled us to determine the oper

their looks.

"Do you hear me?" he exclaimed, angrily. "When I speak in my own house, I am to be answered."

"And he writes that he is going to make the young man his heir?" asked Mrs. Saybroke, returning to the only point that interested her. point that interested her.
"Yes; but he tells me in confidence.

de lith said. "Patt on me nature's senter on one;" and the work a pologize, where he leads to the properties of the common may up the street, and rose to order teaming up the street, and the will be sorry to for first it. I am adraid he work apploagate. I know that the wild be sorry to he street with the endition of the street with the street, and the street with the endition of the street with the street with the street, and the street with the str

till your fortune has grown."

The girl cmiled roguishly.

"I'll tell him, papa, that I haven't interest enough to marry him." TO BE CONTINUED nediately reproduce the sound heard.
Second Case—The observer was in QUICK AS THOUGHT.

to the study of the physical action. "Has thought the infinite speed which is usu-ally attributed to it?" asks Donders; "or will it be possible to measure the time necessary for the formation of an idea, or for a determination of the will?"
The first researches on this interest

The blood rushed swiftly into the young man's face.

"Yes; but he tells me in confidence, young man's face.

"The blood rushed swiftly into the young man's face.

"The blood rushed swiftly into the young man's face.

"The blood rushed swiftly into the young man's face.

"The hinks that it would perhaps injure first researches on this interesting subject are due to astronomers.

"A colored bootblack having accumbled lady to seek an introduction to him after the young man to know that he had such prospects."

"And for what does he put himself to the turnous fact that there was a constant and equal discrepancy between his observations of the passage of the turnous face. The preacher, and with a curious timidity in his one of the stars across the thread of a meridian the stars ac

sylanation:

First Case—the observer was informed that that an electic shock would be given to his right foot, while he was instructed to give the signal of his percent, on the working man, and the standard which foot would be operated pion, and he was instructed to give the operated pion, and he was instructed to give the signal with the hand of the irritated signal with the hand of the irritated to make the hand of the irritated to more than in the first see, It is clear, all the other conditions being the same, I don't repert a single work and its officent he will to the right or the solution of a dilenuar reduced to its greatest simplicity is a mental act of one-fifteenth of a second in duration. Instead of exciting the sensation of the solution of a dilenuar reduced to the solution of a dilenuar are duced to the first are the proposed of the proposed of the make the first are light appeared.

First Case—The observer was instructed to give the signal was to be given with the right hand, upon the appearance of a white light, and with the left if a red light appeared.

Indee these conditions the solution of the dilenuar occupied a longer than the first experiment. On the contrary, in the case of an auditory in pression, less time was employed than when it impression was received by another pression, less time was employed than when the impression was received by an advanced to the proposed was the proposed with the right planed. The proposed was the fundant proposed to the contrary, in the case of an auditory in pression, less time was employed than when the impression was received by an advanced to the propo

will be charged according to the above rates. WHOLE NO. 78.

distinguished: first, the distinction between different impressions; and secondly, the violation of an action chosen from among other actions. Donders attempted, by the following experiment, to determine the separate duration of each of these operations:

First Case—The observer was informed the condition of the case of the condition of the case of the observer was informed the case of t formed that vowel sounds would be enunciated, and was instructed to im-

distinguished: first, the distinction be-

structed to reply to only one vowel-I, for example-and to keep silence when he others were enunciated. His endeavors, therefore, were all directed toward the recognition of i: his vocal organs being placed in an appro-priate position, only the impulse of the

000,000. ousekeeping with.

An English member of Parliament

named Leatham was present at the opening of a reading-room in a village near Huddersfield, the other evening. Mr. Leatham among other very sensible remarks made the following:

"I don't wish to be hard on the working-men. I know their privations and

Mrs. Winfringham, a respectable wid-owed gentlewoman of Sheffield, Eng-land, while recently upon a visit to some friends near Durban, in a northern county, was taken to hear the cloquent declamation of a noted dissenting gexhorter who had become particularly celebrated for his exaltation of the efficacy of prayer. This favorite topic of his was the one he had chosen on the occasion in question; and his earnest, vived manner of explaining that, in addition to its supernatural value, devout invocation was a beneficent, magnetic energy, capable of the most wonder-The colored population of Boston will convene at the Melonan on Monday energy, canable of the most wonder-ful natural effects, induced the Sheffield lady to seek an introduction to him after

An Iowa school boy recently killed his father for telling him to behave him-

"I don't wish to be hard on the working-men. I know their privations and their temptations; I know how little disposition there is for anything except pleasure and amusement after a hard day's labor. Don't suppose that because I happen to live in a bigger house than you, I don't know what hard work means. I have worked with my brains for seventeen hours in a day, and

insertion and eight cents per line for each Business cards 1.25 per line per annum. Yearly advertisers discontinuing their adver

o be paid at the expiration of each quarter. MELANGE, A new pass has been found across the Andes, which is said to be 'andier than any other route.

Transient advertisements must invariably be

ADVERTISING RATES

ONE INCH IN SPACE MAKES A SQUARE.

ed for at the rate of 15 cents per line for fi

A colored North Carolina clergy-woman has been committed without bale for stealing cotton.

Washington territory boasts a public library containing 351 volumes, "prin-cipally Patent-officee reports." English orthodox advices report that the Ritualistic services wax scandalous to a greater degree every week. Iowa is rapidly coming to the conclusion that murderers might better have their necks hemped than exhempt.

Syracuse is trying to keep up its spirits against a threatened State Convention of Prohibitionists on the 15th proximo. Dartmouth College is preparing to elevate its lads to ladders and other gymnastic apparatus at an expense of \$24,000.

A criminal gentleman of Maryland, Plater by name, has been released from jail because the windows werent' glazed.

Boston, having declined gifts from outsiders, is authorized by the Legislature to go it a loan to the extent of \$20,-

Constantinople has conceived the cheerful idea of building, in the cemetery at Pera, a new o-Pera-house, to cost A charge of 25 cents for admission to

church weddings in Missouri furnishes a fund for the young couple to start Another serious blow is given to the Philadelphia Centennial by the determi-nation of Newark to establish a permanent Universal Exposition.

Nature usually frees the corps of Southern California from any drawbacks but this winter she threatenist of reeze hem in an unusual manner. Mr. Malam's picture of the "Marriage of Shakespeare" has been rejected by the Royal Archeological Society on the ground that it is Malam in se.

evening, to promote in some mysterious way the abolition of slavery in Cuba. The Cincinnati Bar Association, wishing to avoid in its apartments obvious pun on bar-rooms, has resolved to abol-ish alcoholic beverages from its fu-ture meetings.

A colored bootblack having accum-lated much wealth by polishing upper leathers, has turned his attention to souls,

self, and the average juryman can't make up his mind whether the provoca-tion was sufficient to constitute justifia-ble homicide or whether there was in